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hearty encores from the public, the most flattering encomiums from the press. One paper says: "Signor Brignoli sang a ballad by Mr. Hatton, entitled 'Good bye, sweetheart, good bye,' with great beauty, enunciating the English words neatly and effectively. It was a gem of the evening, and came in for repetition, as a matter of course."

The public are beginning to look anxiously for the appearance of this fine company in this city, on the occasion of the inauguration of Steinway & Sons New Concert Hall.

#### MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

These pleasant evidences of histrionic and vocal accomplishment, continue to attract favorable regard from our amusement-seeking population, and their popularity increases rapidly, as their intrinsic excellence becomes more widely appreciated. Mrs. Paul is marvellously gifted with imitative faculty and uses her command of three voices with masterly skill, in delineation of character and close attainment of vocal semblance, bringing out clearly every trait and lineament of the original's voice and use of it for execution, display of taste, sentiment or comicality. Jenny Lind's most taking vocal feats were ventriloquial and if Mrs. Paul solely cultivates that style of vocalization to captivate her public, she but follows a distinguished exemplar in a lucrative—if mistaken path—to fame, and excitement of enthusiasm with the masses. Her dual performance on Monday surpassed any precedent in this country, and her performance *a la mode de Sims Reeves* of his pet songs. "Come into the Garden—Maude" and "My pretty Jane," equalled—that is sufficient ecomium—her perfect imitation of two other sentimental airs much affected by him.

We can readily credit the statement of Mrs. Paul's high estimation in English Opera, when Miss Featherstane, for she evinces in combination with marvellous vocal means, the school, taste, and true method of a well trained artist, who is moreover endowed with rare dramatic aptitude to give her music color, just, pleasing and expressive. We commend their entertainments to all lovers of real excellence in the artistic department selected for public gratification and feel assured that no one will regret having witnessed such realization of well imagined objects.

#### HARTZ'S ILLUSIONS.

The latest wonder in the magical line known to New York is Mr. Hartz, who at Irving and Dodworth Halls, the latter being his present show place—has puzzled experts and those professing to perform tricks of magic and vision cheating, with his neat, smooth, yet marvellous accomplishment of many extraordinary

feats, the perfect attainment of which requires a rare combination of artistic qualifications.

Those who have not yet witnessed his really admirable performances and take an interest in such evidences of skillful device and execution, would derive not a little enjoyment and satisfaction from attendance upon his soirees or Saturday matinees. We can vouch from personal examination of his several illusions; that he equals any preceding exhibition of apparent triumph over nature and her immutable laws. His parlance and seeming explanations of the *modus operandi* for his manipulations or living head movement are clever, and smoothly given, so as to propitiate that public he desires to amuse.

**SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.**—Three Concerts will be given on Sunday evening next, and their programmes may be inferred from notices in our advertising columns, and preceding exhibitions in those places, which are now so popular.

#### MATTERS THEATRIC.

Out again once more into the bustle and glare of the theatres! Of a verity, gentle reader mine, an absence of six weeks has worked great changes in the theatric horizon, on every side I find novelty and in many places rare excellence, and then after a long illness everything wears such a *colleur de rose* appearance that one is apt to pass over small faults that heretofore would have called for sharp comment from the critical pen, and view them with a more lenient and forgiving eye. Not least among the pleasures of convalescence, is the delight of being able to renew the pleasant little chats with one's readers about matters and things in the theatrical world. So with renewed energy and with the hope of pleasing thee, fair reader, "Shugge" once more renews his labors.

"Our American Cousin" was performed at the Olympic on Thursday evening of last week, before a crowded audience. The play is rather *passé*, and were it not for the exquisite acting of Mr. Jefferson, and one or two others of the company, would excite but little interest, as it is, there is little probability that it will keep the stage for any length of time; to tell the truth, it is more associated in the minds of the people with the fine acting of Jefferson, Sothern, Coudock, Peters, Laura Keane and Sara Stevens, than from any real dramatic excellence, being one of the poorest of Tom Taylor's many productions. Asa Trenchard is little more than a wild Indian, and Lord Dundreary one of the most helpless of imbeciles, the two parts are very amusing as caricatures, and never fail to excite a hearty laugh, but in comedy caricatures are out of place, and we would prefer having our risibilities excited by wit, instead of burlesque. Mr. Jefferson's Asa Trenchard is too well known to need comment at this late day, it is a charming and delicious piece of acting, the gentleman doing everything in his power to make Asa a civilized human being, and not the wild, untamed Yankee that Tom Taylor has drawn.

Mr. C. Vandenhoff's Dundreary is a weak imitation of Sothern's glorious rendering of the same part, and calls for but little praise.

Mr. Stoddart's Abel Murcott is well conceived and strongly acted, but he is not equal to Coudock in the same character.

Mr. Peters is the same pompous, important and irresistibly droll Binney that we were wont to laugh at in years gone by.

Miss Caroline Carson (a new name to New York theatre-goers) is a very pleasing Florence Trenchard, being graceful in manner and possessing a style free from affectation.

Miss Kate Newton's Mary Meredith is pretty, but O! what a great falling off from Sara Stevens' charming piquancy in the innocent little dairy maid.

The play is well put upon the stage, the dairy scene being particularly noticeable for its picturesque arrangement.

"The Fast Family" still holds the stage at Wallack's, with all its exquisiteness of detail and consummate acting, but is being alternated this week with Dr. Westland Marston's new comedy, "The Favorite of Fortune," which was produced on Monday evening in good style. I shall notice it in full next week.

The Buislay family closed a successful engagement at the Winter Garden last Saturday, and on Monday evening of this week, Miss Davenport (Mrs. Gen. Lander) made her first appearance in some years, as Adrienne Lecouvreur, eliciting great and well merited approbation for her personation of that character.

Mr. Hackett also closed at the Broadway Theatre last Saturday, after having given unbounded delight and satisfaction as the obese Falstaff. This week we are to have the ever charming and blooming Miss Maggie Mitchell, as the "Pearl of Savoy," one of her sweetest parts.

Ristori is still electrifying New York with her magnificent acting.

The "Black Crook," with its magnificent scenery and *leger* costuming, is turning the heads of all the fast young men in town, and so we are getting fairly into the vortex of theatrical excitement of the winter season.

SHUGGE.

#### ART MATTERS.

A right pleasant collection of pictures is that of the "Crosby Opera House Association" now on exhibition at the Derby Gallery. In glancing through the rooms, the eye is met on almost every side by pictures of marked excellence—to be sure a few black sheep, in the shape of inferior works of art, have managed to creep into the exhibition; but we have not arrived at the art millenium as yet, so that it is hardly reasonable to expect a thoroughly perfect collection of pictures. The white sheep, however, far outnumber the black on the walls of the Derby Gallery, and among the whitest of the white, I would call attention to Rosenberg's "Caravan Overtaken by a Sand Storm" and Gignoux's "Alpine Scenery," two really great pictures. In the first, the painter has depicted one of the grandest, and at the same time most terrible, effects in nature. The scudding, overwhelming movement of the sand, the affrighted actions of man and horse, the camels with their nostrils thrust into the earth to protect